

A different kind of drop

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Summary: The Rookie ends up at the SGC, what does SG-1 and Hammond think of this newcomer and will the rookie ever adjust to his new situation? and will he ever find a way home.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*A/N;** so this is another story, this one however is more of an experiment o my part to try and help with character development as people say i need to i improve with it, because of this don't expect this to be well written, i'll try and keep it good enough to read but as i said its mainly to improve character development, so read review and tell me where to improve. **thanks\*\***

\* \* \*

><p>His squad had been massacred by the Forerunner defence AI, his first chance to lead a team had ended in failure, he had managed to get past his post-traumatic vocal disarticulation, and managed to get promoted and was trusted to lead his team and keep them safe, he failed.<p>

His mission was to hold some Forerunner device until they could figure out what it did, they had a few weapon crates filled with ammo and guns, his team of ODSTs had a standard load out, and they were some of humanities finest soldiers, they weren't SPARTANS but they were damn good. The \_Infinity \_had crashed a few days ago and they had found this place not long after, the room with the device was large and relatively empty, the device itself was in the centre of the room a single console stood next to it, the device was flat on the floor, it was a weird ring thing that stood six inches tall and a foot thick and about twelve metres in circumference, it was rather uninteresting, it didn't even look like it did anything but according to the scientists it did.

When the Forerunner AIs attacked they had just activated the device,

the centre of the ring looked like it had a slip-space rupture inside of it. The scientists were the first to be killed by the AIs; they didn't even see what killed them before they were turned to the ash, he had ordered his squad to open fire on the crawling AIs, Private Hall had been overwhelmed by the crawlers. The rest of the squad took cover behind portable cover, the massive pieces of metal provided effective cover against the powerful hard light weapons. When the larger and more powerful knights appeared, they started swarming the five remaining ODSs; Lance Corporal Jameson took a light rifle shot to the chest as she leant out of cover to shoot, she started screaming as the shot burned through her armour, one of the Promethean knights walked up to her, another knight had gotten behind Lance Corporal Scott and Corporal Evans, it sliced at Scott with its hard light blade, as Scott was turning to ash Evans was shot point blank with the rifle on its arm. James looked back at Jameson and saw the knight was stood over her, ready to impale the ODS; James switched his battle rifle to automatic, stood up and charged the knight, firing all the way, the knight looked up at the charging soldier, the shields failed on the knight and charged him back, the two ran at each other James ran out ammo but he didn't stop, intending to use the empty gun as a club, the larger AI slammed into him, he was sent flying into the weapons crate which had been blasted close to the edge of the ring by a stray grenade, when he knocked into it, the crate fell into the blue-black centre of the ring. James Darrow landed on the edge of the ring he looked up to see Jameson be finished off by one of the other AIs. The one he had charged walked up to him and lifted him up to its face, its helmet opened down the middle revealing what looked like a human skull as it screamed into his face, he slowly grabbed the knife in his boot, as the AI finished its scream he plunged the knife into its neck, the sudden movement caught it off guard so it lost its balance, they both fell into the centre of the ring and everything went black.

**\*\*Colorado- Cheyenne mountain complex, SGC- October 15\*\*\*\*th\*\*\*\*  
2000\*\***

Chief Master Sargent Walter Harriman was on duty watching over the stargate, so far his shift had been uneventful, mainly because Sg-1 was currently on base and there weren't any teams due back for a few more hours. After checking all the systems again he decided to play solitaire, it was the only game on the computer plus the General wouldn't mind seeing as it was getting late and there was nothing to do. After some time he heard something and looked up at the stargate, he noticed he was the only one in the control room, he looked back at the 'gate and saw small blue sparks jump from the centre of the gate, he was about to sound the alarm when a blue-black \_thing \_appeared in front of the gate, it was bigger than the gate and blocked it from sight, he smacked the alarm and soon enough marines and SFs were flooding the gate room, and General Hammond came down the stairs from the briefing room,

"What's going on Sargent? And what in God's name is that thing?" he asked the second he saw the portal thing.

"I don't know sir; it just appeared out of nowhere." Walter replied, '\_why does this always happen on my shift'\_ he thought.

Bits of dust seemed to fly out of the portal; the guards had their weapons trained on the anomaly, Major Carter and Colonel O'Neill had just walked into the control room when a large crate flew out of the

portal and smashed into the wall just below the control room, the SFs had to dive out of the way of the projectile crate.

"Well there's something you don't see every day," Jack quipped, always making a joke out of things,

Just as Sam was about to reply two people flew out and landed with a heavy thud on the floor, the SFs all trained their weapons on the people, Jack and Sam both ran into the gate room and took a weapon off of one of the SFs, Jack went to the people and saw that one was definitely not a person, parts of it seemed to float and weren't connected to it, there was a knife stuck in its neck, the person below the thing however seemed human, but it was covered head to toe in black and grey armour, the thing was grey and orange stood up, it looked around the gate room and looked at Jack, it leant forward and let out a scream as its helmet opened, Jack jumped back in surprise at the human skull in the helmet, it stood to its full height, at little over ten foot it towered over everyone in the gate room, the SFs opened fire as it raised its gun, which was also its hand, the thing fell under the combined fire, but not before firing a shot which hit one of the SFs, the man screamed as he turned to ash, the thing finally died and also started to turn to dust, it dropped its gun and the knife in its neck next to where it had died.

Jack walked up to the other figure, and from the looks of it he had also been the one to stab the robot thing that had just attacked, the figure on the ground had been in a fight, its armour was burned, scratched and had taken quite a hit from the looks of it, a dent stood in the middle of his chest plate, on its left shoulder was a MEDREF, Jack reached for its neck instinctively, he found a weak pulse, but a pulse nonetheless,

"Call a med team, this guy's still alive!" He shouted, Carter ran up next to him as she was the only one with first aid training in the room, General Hammond walked in to the gate room and noticed the portal had closed, leaving nothing to show it had been there, except the person that had fallen through, he watched as Sam and Jack removed the helmet while waiting for the med team, the man in the armour looked to be in his late twenties or early thirties, his hair was about as long as Jack's and completely black, he had what looked like claw marks running down his right cheek and went below his under armour, he had several smaller scars over his face, before he could get a better look the med team arrived and took him to the infirmary, he ordered for the box and weapons to be taken out of the gate room, he could see Sam pick up the alien's weapon which had deactivated and collapsed into a small grey and orange box.

\* \* \*

><p>Several hours later Jack walked into Carter's lab to see her hard at work, he took a moment to admire her as she worked, she had the armour that was taken off of the man in the infirmary,<p>

"So, Carter what are you doing?" Jack asked after a moment, she looked up and smiled at him,

"I'm examining the armour that was on the soldier, it's really interesting from what I've been able to tell it's made of several layers, it's under suit is made of Kevlar, protecting the wearer from most small arms, it also contains a heating and cooling systems, it's

also coated with a heat resistant material to disperse heat, I's also pressurized to allow the wearer to operate in a zero g environment and in space. The outer armour is made up of a titanium and ceramic composite plating, further adding to the protection of the wearer. The helmet is made up of the same composite as the outer shell, it also has an on board computer, but I haven't been able to figure out how to access it yet. " She replied, however the explanation went straight over Jacks head,

"Cool, I guess, so have you figured out how that laser gun works yet?" Jack asked, after all it would give them one hell of an advantage if they could turn their opponents into ash with a single shot.

"Ummâ€¦ I haven't actually been able to figure it out, I can't even get it to activate never mind figure out how it works." She replied, `\_Damn it`\_ Jack thought,

"Have you found out anything about our mystery gust?"

"Well I did find a tablet inside the armoured rucksack but I gave it to Daniel to look at, and a flag under his chest plate," she replied helpfully,

"A flag? Really?" Jack asked, Sam just pointed to a folded up red and gold flag, it was folded in the standard thirteen fold. "Hey, Carter what happened to that big crate?"

"It's down in the armoury. When we cracked it open we found it full of weapons and ammo." She replied although she had gone back to examining the armours computer. Just as Jack was about to leave to have a look at the weapons from the crate Daniel walked in while still looking at a tablet, Jack guessed it was the one from the mystery soldier,

"Oh hey Jack, Sam you may want have a look at something I found on the tablet," Daniel shot out as thrust the tablet into Jacks hands as he was the closest, Jack looked at the tablet as Sam walked round the table to have a look, on the screen was a list of what looked like video files,

"Press the one labelled 'New Jerusalem" Daniel ordered, Jack pressed it and looked back at Daniel and saw that whatever it was had shaken him up a bit, he couldn't even look at the screen as the recording started to play. The video was from a helmet cam and if Jack were to guess he would say it was the mystery soldier in the infirmary , both him and Sam watched as the man dropped from orbit in what was basically a metal coffin with windows into a battle ridden city, which was called Mount Haven according to the signs around the city, they watched as entire platoons were wiped out by various different aliens, they could see the dead that had littered the streets no one was spared from the onslaught, even children were torn apart, some of them had been eaten by the looks of it, eventually the soldier was the only one left and had found a crashed drop ship, with a dying officer nearby, the officer told the 'Rookie' his entire life story which gave the two Air Force officers some insight into his peoples culture, which from what they were able to tell from the man's story was at war with itself before the aliens or The Covenant as the dying officer called them ,arrived and started a holy war against humanity as a whole and how they started to 'glass' the human colonies. The

cam shifted to look back at what was obviously once a very beautiful city being burned by massive ships that were floating above the city, dozens if not hundreds of drop ships and fighter were heading towards the soldiers position, the officer told the rest of his story, Jack was shocked when the man called Gage Yevgenny told how the soldiers in the bank lied to the children so they could get rich off of the gold in the vault and the betrayal of the men and how they killed a Colonel, it reminded him slightly of the time with Woods and Burke back in his black ops days. Gage then went on to tell the 'Rookie' to get the hell out of there as he was going to detonate a 'Shiva' nuke and blow them all to hell, Jack had to give the guy some credit he was going to sacrifice himself to stop the traitors and the aliens. The soldier dumped most of his gear including his helmet; the cam was actually through the eyes of the 'Rookie' as he had been dubbed, he then proceeded to run and didn't stop till he reached the other side of the mountain which was when the nuke went off, and the 'Rookie' looked back to see the mushroom cloud form on the other side of the mountain, the 'Rookie' then proceeded on to call for an evac. A drop ship like the one that had been found by the 'Rookie' landed and as he got into the troop bay he asked one of the soldiers in the back if there was anyone else from the 26th expeditionary force had managed to get an evac, one of the troopers shook his head,

"You're the only one we've picked up, we just got word that Reach has been glassed, all UNSC forces are to fall back to Earth, it's the only place left now." Jack was shocked, the trooper had just said Earth, "I think he might be from another universe sir" Carter state before he could say anything, "After all it would make sense as to what the portal was, except I have no idea how it would work or how to replicate it and send him back home."

"Yeah," was all Jack could manage, the video was truly harrowing even after all he had seen it still shook him; what he had seen on that recording. He looked back up at Daniel who had already seen the video, he looked like he was going to be ill, and Carter looked the same, the aliens they had been fighting had shown absolutely no mercy, even the Goa'uld weren't that bad. The phone on the wall rang causing the three to jump slightly, Sam moved to answer it, and Jack couldn't hear what the other person was saying but Sam just nodded and said that they'd be right down.

"Hey Jack where's Teal'c?" Daniel asked while Sam was on the phone,

"He's in the infirmary; watching over our guest." Jack replied, Sam had put the phone back on its hook and looked at the two men,

"That was Dr Frasier; our mystery guest is awake." She told them, and the three of them moved towards the infirmary.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>AN; so? how was it? to anyone who has read Trafalgar's 'gate then you know why i need to improve my character development, also chapter three for that will be up soon. if you saw something that needs improving let me know, especially if it concerns characters.\*\*

\*\*A/N; so look what i updated :) so here is chapter 2 for you, enjoy.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>StarGate Command, Cheyenne Mountain Complex, Colorado Springs, Earth, Sol System, November 1<strong>\*\*st\*\*\*\* 2000,\*\*

James Darrow, a member of the famed 105th Marine Expeditionary Unit was stuck in a plain little room under what he guessed to be a mountain. The people here were definitely well trained but they lacked the bravado of UNSC troops, the fact that he was currently in a tiny room with a two way mirror and no decorations except a metal table and two metal chairs, one of which he was sat on, led him to believe he was being held by Insurrectionists, but even that didn't make sense, Innies never took prisoners, certainly not ODS'Ts.

The only other person in the room was a large black man with a golden emblem on his forehead, the man was so still and emotionless he reminded James of the Spartans on the Infinity, the man was well muscled as well, James might win in a hand to hand against the man but the hundred or so armed personnel in the base would make escaping almost impossible.

He nearly made a comment at how bad these people were at interrogating but thought better of it, after all his drill instructors had made it perfectly clear as to what he should say in an interrogation.

He ended up asleep at the table, not uncommon as he rarely slept properly, either due to missions or simply because of nightmares of the war. He had been seventeen when he enlisted and he joined the ODS'Ts in 2552 and he just got out of ODS'T training weeks before heading down to New Jerusalem, that had been the worst day of his life, the tale Gage Yevgenny told and then finding out Reach had been turned to nothing but glassâ€¦ he didn't like to think about that but the worst nightmares always included her.

It wasn't that she was evil or anything but the fact that he knew he shouldn't be seeing her, the fact that she was dead proved as much but still she lingered in his mind years afterwards, it was no wonder he never spoke much.

He bolted awake again as he heard the door to his lovely interrogation room opened up, in walked a man with no hair and a large belly that hung over his belt, he wore a blue uniform that was definitely not UNSC or belonging to any Innie group he had heard of, the man's chest was chest was littered with multiple ribbons and badges but what stood out amongst the rest were the two stars that adorned the man's broad shoulders, indicating he was a Major General, James noticed a name patch on the 'Generals' chest it read; G. Hammond.

'General Hammond' sat on the other chair facing him, this would be the first actual interaction with someone since he woke up, they did try to speak with him then but he was still pumped full of drugs and was barely coherent, after some time though he had been moved into this little room, all the time being guarded by the large black man.

"I'm General Hammond and I'm in charge of this here installation" the General started, he had a thick Texan accent that reminded James of Admiral Whitcomb's voice, James listened to what the man wanted, he might even find out a few things after all the devil is in the details as his mother all ways used to say.

"Now I'm gonna cut to the chase, one of my best scientists believes that you are from an alternate reality, I don't know how much know about that type of stuff but she thinks that you could be stuck here for a very long time." The General paused to let his words sink in, James took the information in with a blank expression, it might have been a completely wild theory but it would also explain the Forerunner device, he wouldn't say anythingâ€|yet.

"Now I'm sure you have some questions about the validity of my claimâ€|" Hammond trailed off allowing James to ask the questions that formed on his mind.

"I only have a few questionsâ€| General," James started, his voice was rough and deep, not as deep as Teal'c's but still down by his boots somewhere, "First; What year is it?" James asked his first question,

"The year is currently 2000," Hammond replied, '\_that would explain a few things'\_ James thought, it did explain the primitive looking medical equipment and the strange devices used to communicate throughout the base,

"Second; where are we?" James inquired; it always paid to be aware of one's location,

"Underneath the Cheyenne Mountain Complex near Colorado Springs, United States of America, Earth," James was right and they were under a mountain but the Cheyenne Mountain Complex had been shut down Centuries ago, just after the second American civil war.

"Okay, third; I keep hearing an alarm, what's that all about?" of course James had to ask this, it wasn't an attack on the base, he knew that much but something was causing an alarm to sound, there wasn't any pattern he could recognise, it appeared to go off at random, but if he knew what was causing itâ€| things might just start to fit together. The General seemed surprised at the question and was hesitant to reply,

"Wellâ€| the alarm is to signify and to alert the base that an alien artefact is being activated from companion pieces spread throughout the galaxy," Hammond replied hesitantly, this caught James by surprise, Humanity never encountered any form of alien life, never mind artefacts until 2525 when the Covenant started their invasion of UNSC space.

"I have a request General; I want to see the artefact," James asked, the General was once again hesitant to reply, he looked towards the two way mirror before looking back at James,

"Okay, I'm trusting you, I've seen some of the stuff you've been through, so I'm gonna trust you but even one hint that you might betray that trust and I'll have you in a the deepest hole I can find," the General warned, James nodded in understanding,

"Teal'c escort out guest here to the briefing room," the General ordered the large black man behind him, at least he had a name now,

The man, Teal'c, bowed slightly and took up an escorting position ready for James; of course James was still handcuffed to the table by one hand, so an SF came into the room and uncuffed him.

Teal'c escorted James through the base, many of bases scientists and guards looked at him, or at his scars, the marks left by an enraged Brute that was determined to rip James's face off only to be taken out by Romeo, Romeo never let him forget that particular mission.

The General had stayed behind in the interrogation room, presumably to talk to whomever was behind the window and he would probably catch up soon after James arrived at the briefing room.

James adjusted his collar again, the plain black shirt was a slightly too small and was tight around his neck, he didn't like it, he wanted his own shirt back, he would ask the General later, the green combat pants were also uncomfortable, they tended to bunch up around his crotch causing him to readjust multiple times.

\* \* \*

><p>General George Hammond had seen a lot of stuff in his lifetime, he had served during Vietnam and now commanding the SGC he had seen some really weird stuff, stuff that he had only dreamt about as a child, but the man in front of him was something else entirely, he wore a plain black top, provided to him by the SGC, his face was scarred and he looked far older than he really was, his hair was solid black and the slight stubble gave the man a ragged appearance, the claw marks ran from his cheek all the way down his neck and beneath the shirt, both arms were tattooed, his left arm had a large intricate tribal pattern running down from his shoulder to his hand, a name was visible in the pattern, the word 'Rookie' was on his shoulder just visible beneath the sleeve of the shirt.<p>

His other arm however was clear except for one tattoo that must have some sort of significance to the man; it showed an angel wielding a rifle similar to one found in the weapons crate currently in the armoury, the figure was in a similar battle armour to the one he was wearing only without a helmet, the person was obviously female, evidence shown by the long flowing hair and the high cheek bones, the figure had large wings that were spread wide, hence the appearance of an angel, maybe an angel of death. For a tattoo though it was surprisingly detailed, George had to admit it was an impressive piece of art work.

The man had just asked if he could see the Stargate, George reluctantly accepted and had Teal'c show him to the briefing room, from there the man would be able to see the Stargate.

George was quite interested in the man, Doctor Frasier had reported that he had some sort of neural interface implanted into the base of his skull, the dog tags around his neck had provided basic information such as his name, rank, service number and what battalion he belong to.



\* \* \*

><p>The briefing room as it turned out was rather odd in James's opinion, it was open which allowed anybody to walk in and out of, the General's office connected to the briefing room along with a flight of stairs that led into what he guessed was some sort of Op's room. A large table dominated the room with enough seats for about ten people, another hint that this place had a small amount of personnel.<p>

What caught his eye however was the long thin window along one side of the room, it was covered with a metal blast door of some sort but still, there was a window deep underground, which meant something was worth watching, his inner geek was excited to find out what it was.

Teal'c was stood by him, keeping an eye on him for obvious reasons, he waited patiently for the General to arrive and explain but the next few people that came into the briefing room before Hammond arrived made him look. They had all been there the first time he had woken up, he couldn't recall much but he figured they were some sort of team, the grey haired man was more than likely the leader of said team, he didn't know enough about them to say anything about the other two, although they did have certain glimmer in their eye's, it was a glimmer he had seen before, it was a glimmer of knowledge, he knew, she had the same type of glimmer in her eye's, he did as well, his mother had always said it was a physical manifestation of the knowledge that someone held, the smarter the person the brighter the light. Of course his mother said a lot of things that he had seen disproven time and time again during the war.

The team introduced themselves, the smaller younger looking man with glasses, brown hair and blue eyes was called Dr Daniel Jackson, he studied archaeology, the blond woman was called Major Samantha Carter, part of the US Air Force she was the second in command and probably the team's techie, the older man however was the same height as James and the same dark brown eyes, he had laugh lines running across his face, he was a man of action not words, he would have felt right at home during the war, James also got the feeling that he was Black Ops or had at least served with them, for some reason they all seemed to give off a certain vibe. The man was Colonel Jack O'Neill, with two e's. James liked the man already, James could see a different kind of knowledge emanating from the man and it was the same type he had seen in Buck, he knew his way around a battle field and got his men home in one piece.

"So the General's let you see the Stargate huh?" the Colonel asked, he had the same type of accent his father had, it unsettled him a bit, but he nodded in conformation,

"Well, to understand it all you kind of have to understand the story behind it," Dr Jackson told him, the young man was definitely in his element here, he seemed like he knew what needed to be said, James motioned for him to continue,

"Well it began in 1929 during an archaeological dig near Gizaâ€|"

\* \* \*

><p>James was leaning against the wall with his arms crossed in front of him and one foot against the wall, his face was crunched together as he thought about what he had just been told, a device, millions of years old that creates a stable artificial wormhole to another device located on another planet, hundreds or even thousands of light years away and these people could just use the device and travel that immense distance in seconds, he doubted even the Forerunners had such a capability.<p>

The team, Sg-1 as they were known as, had goal; find a means in which to protect and defend Earth from a race of alien parasites known as the Goa'uld, a weird name but then again it was in a form ancient Egyptian, he didn't like parasites, they always seemed to be the nastiest and most horrible beings, back home there was the Flood, his team had been in Voi when the infected Cruiser crash landed, from that point on whenever he looked back at the day it always played itself like a horror vid, dark hallways, the screams of the unlucky Marines that got infected, the screeches of the damned as they clawed their way towards his position trying to bring him into their undead ranks.

He snapped out of it before Sg-1 became concerned, he turned slightly to look at the blast door covered window, he guessed that the 'Stargate' was on the other side, it was apparently a large metal ring, he couldn't wait to actually see it.

General Hammond had walked into the briefing room just moments after Dr Jackson started his tale, Hammond didn't say a word as he watched his premier team educate a man that was a very long way home,

"Okay Dr Jackson I think our guest here wants to actually see the Stargate, not just hear you talk about it," the General interrupted, Dr Jackson had been going on about some of the different cultures they had encountered throughout the galaxy, cultures that had died out centuries ago on Earth,

Teal'c, a Jaffa warrior that had been enslaved by a Goa'uld known as Apophis, pressed a button that raised the blast shield revealing a large room dominated by a ring with four primitive superconductors, a metal ramp acted as a walkway, several technicians were doing something in the room, he spotted two heavy calibre gun placements near the end of the ramp, covering it against any hostiles that might come through, although he doubted how effective they would be considering how close they were.

"Incredibleâ€|" James whispered, of all the things he had seen in his relatively short life the simple ring down in that room was by far one of the most incredible, not because of its looks but because of what it did, he had seen the Home Fleet over Earth, he had seen Eridani Defence Fleet, he had seen the Ark and he had seen that last Forerunner world, apparently it was called Requiem, all of those were absolute wonders to look at, they were all far more better looking than the ring but none of them could do what this simple ring could, it's age showed how resilient it was, it showed the wonders of its creation and being, the people that built it were probably one of the smartest races ever to travel the stars in this universe.

"Soâ€|" I'm sure you have your own questions General," James stated, his voice may have been rough and deep but he was quiet, he had naturally been quiet, only speaking when necessary, the events

surrounding New Jerusalem had left its mark however,

"Yes I have a couple of questions for you," Dr Jackson replied before the General could, "What was it like growing up as part of an interstellar government? Were you born on Earth, or a different Planet? Can you share some information as to the formation of a unified government?" the young doctor rattled off quickly, James let out a small huff of amusement before replying,

"I was born and raised in Crisium City in Naniwa on Luna, I was too young to remember the UEG, I grew up under martial law, hearing stories of Admiral Cole taking on the Covenant head on and never losing, as to how the UEG and UNSC came to be, sure I could tell you, everyone knows their history; it started in 2160, we had already spread across the solar system and had colonies on Luna, Mars and the Jovian Moons, eventually old ideals rose up and civil war broke out, I won't go into details now but war was officially declared in 2164 and lasted until 2170, it was known as the Interplanetary War, it unified Humanity as a government and as a military power." James told them, it was a bit more complicated than that but it would do for a summery,

"Now, I have a question for you Sargent," Hammond started, "when I spoke to the President about you he wanted me to see if I could get you on our side," The General was offering James a position within the SGC as it was called, James was silent, when he enlisted he took an oath, he swore on his life to protect Earth and her Colonies, he may not be protecting his Earth but the people of \_this\_ Earth needed all the help they could get and he would help fight anyone who threatens the home world of the Human race,

"Where do I sign?" James replied with a small smirk on his face, his last drop really had turned out to be a different type of drop.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*A/N; here we go, Chapter 3.\*\*

\*\*Don't own anything\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Stargate Command, Cheyenne Mountain Complex, Colorado, USA, Earth, Sol System, November 13<strong>\*\*th\*\*\*\* 2000,\*\*

James was sat at the briefing table along with Colonel O'Neill, Dr Jackson, Teal'c and General Hammond; apparently Major Carter had received something interesting from the people down at JPL.

James had only just been officially been accepted into the SGC, during the few days he had been 'adapting' to his predicament he had been granted a small flat in the nearby town of Colorado Springs, he hadn't spent any time there though, he had also been given a commission into the US Marine Corps and had been given all his personal items back, including his armour and flexi pad. Sg-1 had been involved in a mission just before he could join the team; it had been on Earth and ended up with the Goa'uld escaping and Colonel O'Neill being shot.

He didn't know the full details of the mission but the fact that there was a Goa'uld on Earth and it had escaped was a worrying thought, it meant that the enemy could get past the primary and only line of defence; the SGC.

Major Carter indicated she was ready to begin, she turned on the projector, the screen had to warm up first but when it did it showed some sort of picture and other data,

"Early this morning at approximately 0230 the Kepler space probe took this picture as it passed by Mars, at first the people down at JLP thought it was an asteroid at first," The Major took a second to breath before continuing, "they then picked up strange energy readings, they tracked the object and they realised that it was changing course and accelerating," the team and General Hammond raised a collective eyebrow,

"Asteroids don't normally do that," Jack commented, Hammond looked at him briefly before looking back at the Major,

"Is there any way to identify it?" he asked,

"Actually there is, it's giving off an energy read we've encountered before; last year we discovered a pod in a field near Billings Montana," Carter said, Jack raised his head slightly, he recognised the name,

"Martin," he said, Sam nodded,

"W-wait, you mean the little guy with the pills and the glasses? I thought his ship was destroyed," Daniel replied, Jack shook his head,

"No, he said they came down in a pod after \_abandoning \_the ship, he never actually said what happened to it after that," the Colonel replied,

"Well, if it is his ship we better go talk to him cause its heading straight to Earth and it'll be here in three days," the Major reported, the team seemed to settle into silence before Teal'c spoke,

"Then we must locate Martin Lloyd immediately," the entire team agreed with him, James just sat there watching everything, he to agreed that they should find this Martin Lloyd character as soon as.

\* \* \*

><p>A few hours later the team was once again in the briefing room looking in shock at the advertisement being show to them,<p>

"\_Prepare for an X-tream adventure, four excellent heroes in an extraordinary new sci-fi series, starring Nick Marlowe as the rye Colonel Danning, starring Yolanda Reese as the brilliant Major Stacy Monroe with Raymond Gunne as Dr Levant and introducing Douglas Anders as Grell the robot, Wormhole X-tream coming this fall on&e"|"\_ Hammond turned it off and spun back round to face the group,

The entire team was both amused and shocked at the advertisement, it was obviously a rip off of the Stargate program and its flagship team, SG-1,

"Wellâ€¦ that lookedâ€¦ familiar," Daniel pointed out, Jack turned slightly to look at the man,

"I don't see it," the grey haired Colonel said,

"Martin's involved with this?" Carter asked the General incredulously,

"He sold the idea to the studio, he's currently working on the production as a creative consultant," the General replied,

"Then Martin Lloyd as seriously breached your security," Teal'c said, Hammond shook his head slightly, James saw this and commented,

"Let me guess; plausible deniability?" James asked, the entire team shifted to look at him; he shrugged as Hammond replied to his comment,

"Yes, in case of any further breaches of security we can point towards this T.V programâ€¦ that is if it stays on the air," the General said,

"Still doesn't change the fact the Marty sold us out," Jack retorted,

"His motives are of little concern right now, all that matters is finding out all he knows about that ship which is why Colonel, Sargent your Wormhole X-tream's new military consultants," O'Neill looked at the General in shock, James hit his head against the table with a loud thud causing Daniel to jump slightly,

"Oh godâ€¦" James whispered to himself, he was not looking forward to this at all.

\* \* \*

><p><em>He sat near the top of the hill by the war memorial; he was looking over the massive Forerunner artefact that had been buried under the African sands for thousands of years, just hours ago Lord Hood had given his speech that signified the end of the war and the start of a new age of peace for Humanity. James hung his head low, the end of the war had left many people dead, sure at least they weren't extinct but far too many people had died for a stupid war, a war that many people wanted to see continued, either humans that wanted to punish the Elites or Elites that still thought of humans as a blight on the galaxy.<em>

\_A lone figure walked up to him and sat next to him on the dirt, the two of them sat in silence as they watched the sun slowly descend behind the horizon before the new figure spoke,\_

"\_You know Rookie the Gunny's worried 'bout you," he said as he looked at his friend, James said nothing, prompting his friend to speak again, "Hey, we won, no more Covie is gonna threaten us, Humanity has earned its right to inhabit the stars," \_

"\_What's left? What do we have left Dutch?" James questioned as he finally turned to look at the older blonde haired man, Dutch shot him a look before replying,\_

"\_We got a tomorrow Rookie, we finally have a tomorrow," he said as he got up and started to walk away, as he was leaving he heard James speak to himself, the words nearly caused Dutch to stop dead but the words were true, 'not all of us' got a tomorrow.\_

James woke instantly as the red car him and the Colonel were in jolted, they were near the studio now anyway, James pondered his last dream, he had spent a lot of time mourning over the loss of everyone he cared for, the Gunny had been worried about him and had sent Dutch to speak with him but it never happened like that, he had been looking through one of the windows in the observation deck on the UNSC \_Say my name\_,

"Hey, Rookie you okay?" the Colonel asked from the driver's seat, James looked at the man, the old nickname was something he had never expected to be called again, not after being promoted to Sargent,

"Fine, sir," He replied courteously, he may have spent a few weeks getting to know the Colonel better but that didn't mean he trusted him, not yet at least.

They arrived at the gates of the studio and were quickly waved through by the guards, all though they did give James an odd look. O'Neill pulled the car into a free spot near the production set for Wormhole X-tream. As he got out the car James straightened out his uniform, the combat boots, camouflaged combat trousers and a simple black shirt covered with his combat jacket, he tried not to think about the fact that he had found Gage in similar dress when he was dying.

He watched the older Colonel find out where Martin Lloyd was and walked with him to find the man, all though he was technically an alien by the standard of the SGC. As they walked up to Martins trailer they saw him attempting to advise and to help with things while acting like a professional, and failing miserably at the job.

"Oh bother," O'Neill said quietly, walking up to the little weedy man the two of them grabbed his attention, "Martin! Good to see you," O'Neill said in a sarcastically happy manner, Martin however showed no signs of recognising the Colonel.

"I'm sorry, who are you?" he asked before continuing, not allowing either of them to say a word, "Oh, you must be the new military advisors, you certainly look like you've seen some action." Martin said, looking at the Rookie.

"You don't know the half of it," James muttered under his breath, he stopped paying attention to the weedy little man while the Colonel tried to get him to remember the events of Montana. His efforts were in vain however and they ended up sneaking into Martins trailer when he wasn't looking and started rummaging through his stuff. It wasn't long before James found several bottles of pills, all labelled as vitamins.

"I'm betting they aren't what they say they are," James said, tossing a bottle over to O'Neill who pulled out a blocky cell phone, James shook his head and lifted his armâ€"revealing his personal chatter device. He had spent some time making it compatible with the systems used during this century and he activated it, calling the only number that would work; the one for the SGC.

General Hammond was informed of the new situation and gave them new instructions; O'Neill would keep an eye on Martin while James would head over to the security gates at the entrance and secure a list of all the personnel that had been admitted entry to the studio and a copy of their license plates and vehicles.

As James walked to the small booth at the gate he noticed it was manned by a single person, the other guards weren't far away though. The woman in the booth was dressed in the same blue clothes as the rest of security; she barely looked his way as he entered,

"Auditions are at screen eight," she said, James paused and just double checked his uniform, he was still wearing it, he cleared his throat to grab her attention. She turned round to actually look at him and not the computer she had been working on,

"I'm not here to audition." He said, he noticed with a tiny amount of amusement at seeing her face flush slightly, "Sargent James Darrow, U.Nâ€| United States Marine Corps," he caught himself before he said U.N.S.C.

"Okay, what can I do for you Sargent?" she asked politely, although she was definitely staring at his scars and not so standard issue clothes and sidearm. He told her what he needed and she happily complied, a little too happily for his liking. He blew off her every flirt, no matter how small they were, most of them had to be smallâ€"she was working after all.

The list he had been sent to gather was to be e-mailed to Major Carter straight from the security's computer system. It had been a long day for the young Sargent, he hated the way everyone was staring at him, either because of the clothes or the scars left by the Brute just a couple of years ago.

Either way he wanted to get out of sight from everyone and have a nice sleep, he did like his sleep. It was the only place he could still be with her.

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*So here is chapter 4 of this particular story. enjoy it and leave a review.\*\*

\*\*I own nothing.\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Bridge Production Studio, USA, Earth<strong>

"Sergeant Darrow, it would be most prudent that you wake up now." Teal'c's voice broke through the thin faÃ§ade of his dream. Not

something he was happy about. Opening one eye and looking up at the large man James suppressed the urge to sigh as he moved.

"What's up Teal'c?" he asked.

"Colonel O'Neill and Martin Lloyd have been taken prisoner by Tanner and his men." the former First Prime said, his voice still void of all emotion. Something that crept James out slightly.

"Well, we better go rescue them than, come on." James replied, his mind completely clear of sleep in an instant, his hand reached for his side-arm and his muscles flexed as he began to move. Teal'c led the way to where they were being held. Bursting through the door into the empty room James held the M6 high and straight, ready for anything, only Tanner and his men were gone, leaving O'Neill and Martin alone.

"Colonel O'Neill? Murry? I remember everything now. Wait, who's that? I don't remember him." Martin said, looking at James.

"Don't worry he's with us, isn't that right... Rupert." O'Neill said. James looked at the Colonel, confusion and murder in his eye's.

"Oh okay, hi Rudy," Martin said before turning his attention back to the Colonel. James was silent as they moved towards the prop department to retrieve the device Tanner was after, only to find it had been taken to the set where they were currently shooting a scene. Using the old red petrol car to get the set on the other side of the studio was critical, time was of the essence as the ship was just moments away from entering the atmosphere. James stayed with Teal'c as the Colonel and Martin grabbed the device, they took it into the back of an open trailer.

"Teal'c, looks like trouble." James motioned with his chin at the three men heading towards the very same trailer.

"Indeed." Teal'c replied. The two of them moved in behind the three men and saw that Colonel O'Neill had drawn his weapon on the leader.

"Drop your weapons." Teal'c ordered, his voice even lower than normal and filled with a threatening undertone.

"Well, looks like we have a little bit of a stand-off here." Tanner said. He was trying to persuade the Colonel to give him the device so they could leave the planet. That was before the Colonel's phone rang. It was somewhat hilarious to see in a way. Having a phone call interrupt a stand-off.

"O'Neill... Yep... okay, thanks." he said into the device before hanging up. "That was Carter, NID is on the way." Jack said, turning his attention back to the situation. Tanner didn't relent however.

"There's nothing left for us here Colonel. They won't stop chasing us." he said, he was almost pleading now. The Colonel relented when he saw the three black SUV's heading towards them, using the ships arrival at the studio as cover Tanner and his men left, leaving Martin to his new life and leaving Earth for some other world.



"You know, for an inconspicuous organisation I though the NID would use cars that were a little less... conspicuous." James said, looking at the three approaching vehicles.

"You would have thought." Jack agreed. James turned to the older man with a confused expression evident on his face.

"Rupert?" he questioned, O'Neill just shrugged and said nothing.

**\*\*SGC Training Grounds, USA, Earth\*\***

"Come on, you kids are worse than a pack of Grunts with leaking tanks. I have seen Brutes use better tactics and teamwork than you. Quite frankly, you suck!" James spat out, the four new recruits SG-1 had been elected to train had just failed another scenario. Leaving all four of them dead and the Goa'uld free to roam the Earth at their pleasure. They may technically out rank him but he had more experience than them, far more. The rest of SG-1 were stood of to one side as he gave them a dressing down.

"If this had been real combat, you would all be DEAD! D-E-A-D, DEAD! I have seen civilians do better at protecting their homes from genocidal aliens that would like nothing more than to kill all humans, do a better job than you four have today." he marched up and down the four man line, his BDU's were slightly more worn and were covered in mud from today's exercises. "You are a disgrace to your uniform and your rank, I damn well hope you're proud of yourselves, because the billions of people who are now slaves sure as hell won't be!" he finished, shouting the last words into Lieutenant Elliot's face. The four of them didn't know whether to try and pull rank or just accept that he was right, for the most part. As James turned to walk away Lieutenant Elliot spoke up.

"With all due respect \_Sergeant \_we out rank you and we're Air Force not Marines." James stopped mid stride, his eye twitching and his fist clenched tight. Colonel O'Neill stepped in before he did something the Lieutenant would feel for the rest of his life.

"Lieutenant Elliot, that's enough, Sergeant Darrow here is right. He's twice the soldier all four of you are put together and then some. It's about time you stepped it up a gear. Four Lieutenant's should be able to work together and handle any situation we throw at you. But... you don't. I sincerely suggest you pull your fingers out and act like you actually deserve a chance to be in the SGC. We only take the best and brightest, not a bunch of kids who can't act like the Officers they are." O'Neill said, his voice more gruff than usual and his face was contorted in a frown. A quick glance at the Rookie of the squad and a nod of the head was the only sign that they had communicated in any way. O'Neill turned away as well, walking with the Sergeant as they headed back towards the truck they used to get here, leaving Major Carter and Dr Jackson to tend to the wounded as it were.

"Don't you think you were a little harsh on them?" Jack asked once they were out of earshot. James didn't bother to look at the Colonel or hesitate to reply.

"No. They need to understand what's at stake if they're going to make

it anywhere with the SGC. They need to know they are the Earth's one and only line of defence and that billions of people are counting on them to keep the world safe." he replied.

"Okay, just think about when you were in their shoes." Jack said, hoping that the Rookie would calm down a little and cut the kids some slack, despite agreeing with him on the matter.

"I wore boots, Sir, and I learnt how to use them and how to use my head. Something those kids need to do pretty damn quick if they want to pass the final test tomorrow." Jack nodded his head in agreement, James was right, of course, the Lieutenant's would need to pull it together if they wanted to get assigned to an SG team.

Lieutenant Elliot and the other three recruits along with Colonel O'Neill climbed down the emergency escape hatch into the SGC, unsure of what they'd find. Elliot gripped his weapon tighter as he peered round the door frame, making sure the way was clear. There were two people he didn't want to run into if they were compromised; Teal'c and Sergeant Darrow. Both men looked like they could rip him in half with their bare hands, Darrow looked the meanest of the two while Teal'c had the muscle power. Neither of them would be any fun to fight against.

Lieutenant Hailey however was thinking hard. The Sergeant hadn't been on the moon with the rest of SG-1 when she first went off world and they made no mention of him. But now here he was, his face permanently scowling and always pissed off and the rest of SG-1 acted as though this was normal. Sergeant Darrow was an interesting man though, from what she had gathered he had seen a lot of action, almost as much as Teal'c and Colonel O'Neill, he had faced down worse things and had seen worse atrocities committed upon humans than the rest of SG-1. The girl inside of her noticed how well built he was along with intense skill in combat, she had seen a glimmer of it during their training and how... manly he was.

She slapped herself mentally to focus on the task at hand, the SGC was compromised and she was thinking about some Marine Sergeant like an infatuated school girl. That was not good. That was not her. As the group of five moved into Major Carter's lab, after stunning the guard posted outside, they saw the Sergeant in full armour, the dark angular plates freshly polished. He was sat the bench with his feet propped up and his head against his chest, asleep.

"Rookie!" O'Neill almost shouted, waking the Marine up and almost causing him to fall off the lab stool.

"'Bout time Colonel, thought you got lost." he said, the corner of his eyes crinkled slightly as he said it, the only sign of his humour. Moving off the chair to let the injured Colonel sit down, grabbed something off his belt and sprayed it into the wound.

"Forgot to mention it might hurt a little."

"Yeah, thanks a lot. That's why I don't like Marines." O'Neill grunted through clenched teeth as the foam expanded and sealed the wound. Hailey played her part in the test, pretending to find out that the personal on the base were being 'controlled' by nanites and hacked into the security system to spy on the rest of the base.

"How do we know your not being influenced by these nanites?" Elliot asked the Sergeant, who looked at him like he was stupid.

"You'd be dead or captured by now. That's why." the Marine replied simply. Satterfield barley stopped the laugh in her throat while Lieutenant Grogan was less successful.

"It's not funny Lieutenant. Plus the neural interface in the back of my head prevents me from being taken over by some little primitive machines, not a biological foe though." the Sergeant shook his head as though to clear it of memories. He picked up his rifle, a large bullpup assault rifle, a small blue screen faced him.

"What gun is that? I don't recognise the design." Grogan said, looking at the rifle.

"MA5D Individual Combat Weapon System. Fires 7.62x51mm Full Metal Jacket Armour Piercing rounds at roughly 600 rounds a minute. Pretty standard issue where I come from." he said absent mindedly, looking at the rifle with an odd expression on his face.

"Never heard of it." Grogan said.

"That's because it doesn't exist." James replied. Hailey 'found' that Dr Jackson was 'controlling' everyone and than 'found' the actual device. Elliot split the team up; him, Hailey and James were to head to the gate room while Satterfield and Grogan went for Dr Jacksons' lab to look for pictures on the device.

"Don't you have Intar rounds for that?" Elliot asked, causing the Marine to stop and look back at him.

"No, this isn't training kid, if your not ready to do what you need to do than you shouldn't be here." James replied.

"But these are our people." Elliot protested.

"Sometimes you can't save them all." James replied. While his gun was actually loaded with TTR rounds he had managed to procure he was still right, sometimes you can't save them all. James took point, his MA5 at the ready. Turning a corner they ran into a patrol of three SF's.

"Oh crap wrong turn!" Elliot cried out as the three SF's opened fire. Elliot managed to catch one with his training weapon while James took out another, red splattering over the mans chest. James stayed in cover with the two trainees despite knowing that the guards were firing blank rounds. He had to keep it real for the sake of the exercise.

Hailey took out the last guard with her side arm, James had to emit that her acting was good, she nearly convinced him that she wasn't actually part of the exercise and that she had actually killed the SF. As they reached the Gate room Colonel O'Neill radioed in.

"\_Fall back Lieutenant. Fall back to my position now!\_" he called as they opened the door to the gate room. Elliot opened his mouth to protest but James cut him off.

"He gave you an order, come on." he said, placing a hand on the young Lieutenant's shoulder as they backed away and moved back to Major Carters lab. James frowned slightly, this \_wasn't \_part of the exercise, which meant something bad had happened. The rest of the exercise went as planned though, including the fake ending where Elliot rushed back to 'save' Hailey, which was the plan. Daniel stood at the briefing room table, rubbing his chest where James had shot him three times, almost causing Satterfield to lose it.

"So, you didn't kill anyone with that gun?" Elliot asked, sound unsure of whether or not he actually wanted an answer.

"Nope, Tactical Training Rounds, TTRs, sound real, feels real, even looks real. The only difference is you don't die when getting shot." James said, shooting Grogan once dead centre in the chest to prove it. A small 'oww' came from him seconds later to prove he was still alive.

"Well done everyone, you'll be assigned to SG teams as positions become available. Lieutenant Elliot, you'll be assigned to SG-17 under Major Mansfield." General Hammond said with a large, proud smile on his face.

"And you thought \_I \_was tough on you." O'Neill joked. All in all, today had been good; the SGC had gotten new recruits and they had all learnt something. That night James was sat in his quarters in the base with his COM pad in hand, watching a recording of the happiest day of his life. He stroked the 3D holographic image in a vain attempt to touch her again.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Uncharted world<strong>

Millions of kilometres away from the planet hole in space and time opened up, ÄErenkov radiation spilled out of it as a ship bore its way through and into real space. Its hull plates burning and melting from the weapons fire it took, its crew was inexperienced in ship operations and were nothing more than desperate refugees hoping to escape the slaughter. It moved slowly through space towards the planet and started broadcasting a distress signal, waiting for someone to rescue them.

## 5. Chapter 5

\*\*So I wrote all this today, so please excuse any errors. Reviews are love, so is toast but mostly reviews!\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Earth, Colorado, Residence of Colonel Jack O'Neill, November 2003<strong>

After spending so much time with the crew of SG-1 James had come to respect them as people. They were competent soldiers who were determined to do the right thing. He had seen that when Doctor Jackson didn't hesitate to handle the radioactive element on Kelowna, his actions had saved the planet but at the cost of his own life. That's when they lost Daniel but gained Jonas Quinn who served as his

replacement, he was determined to do so, it had been his own inaction that led to Daniels death. Jonas felt guilty and was trying to make up for it.

For over a year James had been trying to adjust to life on this new Earth and yet Jonas seemed to integrate quicker and better than James. He had more in common with SG-1 than James did, he could somewhat relate to them in a way that James never could. But one thing they all shared was the ability to get together, have a drink, relax and share stories.

"So, James is it? What was it like? Being part of an interstellar government?" Jonas asked. They had known each other for a couple months now but this was the first time they'd had to have an actual conversation. Sam, Jack and even Teal'c shared an uneasy look with each other, they knew it was still a sour place for him to think about, he'd left a lot behind. Jack coughed and made an attempt to steer the conversation away from the topic but James gave a slight shake of the head. He needed to talk about it, to get it off his chest, share the burden.

"What do you think it would be like Jonas?" He questioned, he wanted to see just how idealistic Jonas was before ruining the illusion and giving him the uncensored facts.

"If it's a future version of the current governments currently in place than I imagine your people would have enjoyed peace and prosperity brought on by a unified government and been unchallenged in the galaxy, especially if the Goa'uld don't exist." Jonas said, unaware of the uneasy looks being passed between the other three members of SG-1.

"I'll tell you about my people and afterwards you can tell me if you still think that." James said, at Jonas' nod James continued. "First I'll tell you all exactly how the UEG and UNSC came to be. It started in 2160, after we started colonising other planets in the Sol system; Luna, Mars, the Jovian moons. Old feuds and ideologies came to the surface again." James started.

"You looked up the German Nazi party and Stalin's Communist party?" James questioned, Jonas once again nodded, he had done his research on Earth's history.

"Well, secessionist forces, mostly Frieden rebels, or a modern version of the Nazi's, attack UN Colonial Advisers on Jupiter's moon Io. This led to several months of fierce fighting between UN forces and Frieden rebels on the moons. Though it was not the first engagement, it was one of the bloodiest, leading other Earth Governments to fight proxy wars off-planet and across the Sol System. This later led to the Rain Forest Wars." James began, Jonas and the rest of SG-1 were listening intently, most of them had heard the story but not the details.

" Two years later armed conflict ripped through South America, as Koslovic, modern communists named after their leader, Vladimir Koslov, Frieden and UN forces clashed over ideological differences, sparking additional conflicts off-planet, such as the Argyre Planitia Campaign. The war brought a great deal of suffering to the people of Earth, and caused an enormous famine. In 2163 The UN launch various lightning strikes against Koslovic forces in the Argyre Planitia on

Mars. This was the first deployment of extraterrestrial Marines by the UN. This would later be used as a military doctrine in all situations off-planet, and would mark the start of the UNSC. Recruitment drives and propaganda tactics strongly bolster UN forces. UN forces defeat Koslovic and Frieden forces on Earth, and then begin a systematic and dedicated drive to crush their remnants on the various planets they hold throughout the system. At the conclusion, Frieden and Koslovic forces are defeated, in the face of a massive, unified, inspired, and very powerful UN military, now known as the United Nations Space Command.

"2170 marks the end of the Interplanetary War with the Callisto Treaty, with the Koslovics and Frieden commanders surrendering to the UNSC. 2170 also saw the formation of the Unified Earth Government in the wake of the conflicts of the 2160s. After the conflict, the UNSC were forced to deal with a less obvious but equally serious threat: overpopulation and a massive military that has no enemy to fight. In the post-war period, there were massive population surges and the overpopulation that, coupled with the destruction and famine bred by the Rain Forest Wars, threatened to destabilize the economy. That was just under four hundred years before I was born and we still hadn't left our home system." James said, he leant forward in the chair he occupied in O'Neill's living room.

"In 2291 a group of engineers and theoretical physicists led by Tobias Fleming Shaw and Wallace Fujikawa created the first Slip-Space drive. It wasn't until January 1st 2361 that the first colony ship, the \_Odyssey\_, left the Sol system and colonised the first planet outside of Sol, it was in the Epsilon Eridani system, the planet they settled? They called it Reach." James said, a slight hint of pride at the name, and bitterness, crept into his voice as he spoke.

"Reach? Wasn't that mentioned in the recording we saw on your touch pad thing?" O'Neill asked, he was smarter than he acted and they all knew it.

"Yes." James replied. Not liking the turn of conversation.

"Recording? What happened?" Jonas questioned, looking between Sam, Jack and James.

"Yeah, what \_did\_ happen?" Jack asked, taking a sip of his beer.

"The war came to Reach." James said without emotion. At their inquisitive looks James realised he would have to expand on it. He would have to tell them what happened. What he lost.

"By August 30th, 2552, the day Reach fell, it was the second most important planet outside of Earth. It was the home of UNSC HIGHCOM, FLEETCOM, Marine Command and ONI. It housed the largest non-automated titanium mines in UNSC space and was home to the largest and most active ship yard in the UNSC. It was our fortress amongst the stars. It had a fleet of 152 ships in orbit led by the four and half kilometre long Super Carrier UNSC \_Trafalgar\_. The pride of the UNSC Navy. It was also defended by twenty orbital defence platforms containing a Mark V Super MAC- capable of obliterating anything in it's way. Nothing survived being hit by one of those. Not even the Covenant's own twenty seven kilometre long Super

Carriers.

"385,421,100 Available in Military Manpower. 58,485 Land Assets. 11,050 Air Assets and the Fleet. It had a total population of around 703,341,500 people. It was the most important planet in the war effort. It was meant to be incapable of being invaded, of being destroyed."

"The Covenant arrived on Reach on July 24th. They brought two fleets with them than and we destroyed them. But another fleet consisting of three hundred ships arrived on the 30th of August. It took a total of 750 Covenant ships and over a month to take Reach from us. We killed so many of them to defend Reach and it still wasn't enough. Do you want to know how many people made it off Reach alive? Barely three million. Over seven hundred million people died during the Fall of Reach. Most of them were civilians." James finished. The look of shock was plastered over all their faces. They didn't think it would have been that bad, but it had been. The entire war had been. Teal'c who was normally so stoic and calm looked saddened, he bowed his head, either in his own way of remembrance to the fallen or out of respect for them for putting up that much of a fight, James didn't know. Jack had guessed the war had been bad, he had seen the recording from New Jerusalem. He had seen what the Covenant were capable of.

"Were you born there?" Jonas asked in a small voice. James shook his head.

"No, I was born on Luna here in Sol." He replied.

"What caused the war? Why were the Covenant so eager to kill humans?" Sam asked, James had seen that like the rest of SG-1 she was more open to the idea of peace than war.

"Religion." James said. "We were an affront to their gods. We were vermin to be wiped from the galaxy. I'm sorry, just killed the mood for the evening." James said, hanging his head and looking down at the floor. No one spoke as silence reined in on the group.

"You lost someone at Reach did you not?" Teal'c spoke. James snapped his head up and stared at Teal'c through narrowed eyes. James said nothing at first, he just stared at the ex-first prime. Eventually James sighed and lowered his head again and in a whisper so low it was almost missed by the group.

"Yeah. Yeah I did." How? How did Teal'c figure it out? Teal'c was incredibly perceptive and he had known James hadn't fought in the Fall, was that it? Had he told them by being so detailed?

"Who?" Jack dared to ask. He wasn't being malicious in asking, he was trying to comfort him, James knew the Colonel had lost his son years ago, before the Stargate program. According to Daniel the Colonel had bottled up his emotions and it had driven him to contemplate suicide- it was the reason Jack had volunteered to go on the initial expedition, because it was meant to be a one way trip. James realised that Jack was allowing him to relieve himself of the guilt.

"Her name was Alexandria Karavyev. She was a childhood friend. And something more." James said quietly. He reached in his pocket and pulled out a small golden ring and stared at it. It didn't feel any

better now that he'd told someone. She was still gone. Everyone had gone silent at that, he was about to apologise for ruining the evening again but Jonas spoke first.

"What's the ring for?" He had done research into Earth history but not customs. He didn't understand what the ring meant. What it symbolised. James didn't reply. He couldn't. Sam leant close to Jonas and whispered to him.

"Rings like that are often used to show that the wearer is married." Jonas looked at her, then at the ring and then at James who seemed lost in his own little world as he continued to stare at the ring while he twisted it round in his hand.

After some cheering up, and a fair amount of alcohol the teams night off was spent in better spirits. Remembering good times with various units they'd been part of or their time at school.

"I remember, just after the battle of New Mombasa, our team were evacuating the city via a stolen Covenant drop ship, that morning was one of the most awkward in my life. First of all I had to rescue an ONI operative that had taken control of our squad, she was trapped under the city, near the A.I data core. After rescuing her, and the alien we was sent to exfil, we in turn got rescued by my Sergeant, Gunnery Sergeant Buck, and so we fight our way through a horde of aliens hell bent on killing us and our little defector, we get in an elevator to take us back up to the surface. By this point I realise there's something between the Captain and the Gunny. After fighting our way through more aliens we reach the highway that we can use to escape the city, so we get in another elevator and the Captain punches the Gunny before he even knew what hit him. So he goes, 'what the hell was that for?' she replies with 'for abandoning the mission' and the next thing she does? Snogs him, right in front of me and the floating gas bag alien. The alien and I shared an uncomfortable glance. Of course it had six eye's, I only had two, it was a little weird.

"So once we get to the extraction point and get picked up in our stolen ride, our injured team mate looks at the alien and Captain and says 'we went through hell for that?' the Gunny thought he was on about the alien, but Romeo, that's his injured guys name, says 'Hell Gunny, I wasn't talking about the alien.'" James burst out laughing, the rest of them did as well and Teal'c simply looked... amused. Even if they didn't find the story particularly funny they laughed anyway, if only to lighten James' mood. And it worked.

XX

**\*\*Earth, Colorado, Cheyenne Mountain Complex, December 2003\*\***

The team, Jack, James, Sam, Teal'c and Jonas sat at the table in the briefing room. James was currently fiddling with a pen while the team chatted amongst themselves, since that night he hadn't revealed much more about himself, only what it was like living on Luna as a child during the war and how disconnected it had all seemed. Jack, as the leader of SG-1 had been obligated to tell General Hammond about what he'd learnt that night, how much James had been hurting and had never showed it. Hammond had spoken to him and James had been ordered to visit the bases psychiatrist at least once a week. He was still aloud on missions, it hadn't affected him before and it wouldn't



now.

"Okay SG-1, I've got a new mission for you. Sergeant, I think you'll like this one." Hammond said as he walked over to the table from his office. James looked at the older man, his brow raised in question. Hammond suppressed a small laugh at James' reaction and handed out the briefing files. Opening it up he saw the designation of the planet, atmosphere density and composition as well as several pictures of the local landscape.

"General?" James inquired. He couldn't see what the General was referring. Why would James be interested in this mission, it looked like a normal recon mission.

"Check the next page Sergeant." Hammond said. As one everyone looked at the second page. James' froze. There. Right in the middle of the picture was a metal plate wedged into the ground, it's sides had been melted and had since cooled down. Vegetation had started to grown up the metal but the lack of it made it obvious it had been wedged in the ground fairly recently. A year or so, maximum. But right in the centre of the metal, a faded white emblem was painted on, an eagle with it's wings spread over a shield and planet. Four letters were at the forefront. UNSC. There was a number as well, a designation, FFG-241.

"241, Stalwart Dawn. That was at Reach... i- it was destroyed at Reach. Just like the rest of them. How? Did you find anything else?" James' heart was racing, if someone made it off Reach, maybe, just maybe she did too.

"A MALP searched the area, we didn't find anything else in the immediate area, but what ever that armour plate came off of, it can't be too much further. We think it might have landed over the mountain, inside a valley of some sort." Hammond replied. He looked, happy? Was that because he knew James wouldn't be alone any more? Or was it something else?

"We?" James questioned, looking round he saw Major Carter duck her head slightly and refused to meet his gaze. "You knew about this before coming in here?" he growled.

"A Frigate the size of the Dawn could carry hundreds of people, maybe even the low thousands. That many people... if they're all soldiers, or even some of them... they would be able to help, hell I'm willing to bet most of them would sign on just to help Earth." James said, his mind was racing, he couldn't stop all the thoughts going through his head.

"You leave in an hour." Was all the General said. He didn't need to say anything else, SG-1 knew what they were doing.

XX

**\*\*P3X-429, Mountain terrain near the Stargate, 2003\*\***

Looking down into the valley below James fell to his knees. Down in the valley, the remains of the Stalwart Dawn. But what caused him to react so emotionally was the fact that there were people there. There was at least a thousand of them, around thirty or forty of them were UNSC personnel, the rest were civilians. They had gutted the

ruined Frigate and had used it to build shelter, a small town of people, people he could relate to. His people. James was glad he hadn't brought his helmet, he wouldn't need it, not for this mission.

"You okay Rookie?" O'Neill asked. After a year of knowing each other he was still 'Rookie', James didn't bother to suppress the laugh that erupted in his throat.

"Okay? I'm better than okay, I'm brilliant." James said. Getting up he started to move down the mountain and into the valley. He didn't really have a plan, he realised, did he just expect to waltz right in there? He didn't know, he was just following his heart and gut.

It took a couple hours but he eventually made it to the edge of the little town they'd set up. He had noticed they had set up a surrounding wall made from the titanium armour of the ship and placed the Stalwarts point defence guns on surrounding towers, other machine guns and emplacements surrounded the outer wall as well as two thick looking bunkers either side of a gate. As he drew closer one of the guards on the tower spotted him. He barely registered SG-1 behind him.

"Freeze!" The soldier on watch shouted. James complied, he didn't come this far just to get shot at by UNSC marines. The soldier had disappeared from the wall, the gate opened and the same soldier came out, flanked by four more. James noticed metal flaps in the bunkers snap open and the barrel of a HMG pointed at him and SG-1. As the soldier drew closer James began to study him, he looked familiar but James couldn't think where from. The soldier stopped mid stride.

"James! James Darrow?" The soldier cried, he ran forward, his previous hostility forgotten. James narrowed his eyes.

"David?" James cracked a smile. "David Fritz? What the hell are you doing here?" he asked.

"Could ask you the same thing man! You here to rescue us? Listen there's something I need to tell you it's about-" 'David' was cut off as O'Neill famous short attention span and preference to get things over and done with got the better of him.

"Yeah, yeah nice reunion. Can we go in now or we just gonna stand here all day freezing our butts off?" The old Colonel complained.

"Yeah and who the hell are you?" 'David' retorted.

"A friend David. So who's in charge here? Whose your CO?" James asked, he was relieved to see an old friend still alive. Plus, there was no harm in more ODSs joining the fray that they had all landed in.

"Doctor Robert McLees Junior. He got us all off Reach just before the Covenant bombed the hell out of it. Anyway, we should probably go inside, your friend is right, we've been here a year and it gets fucking cold here man. Don't know where we landed but it's worse than the Highland's during winter." David said, leading them inside the gate and into the little town.

"McLees? The Ship yard owner? What's he doing here?" James asked. Jack and Sam, who were trailing behind the two, shared a look and Jack mouthed 'Ship yard owner?' causing Sam to shrug with a slight smile.

"Maybe he could help with ship design, might be able to offer some tips for the Prometheus." Sam whispered. "Plus, our guide here has the same armour as James and you've seen how tough that stuff is. We could use more." Jack shrugged in response, she knew he agreed but pretended not to care.

The town had been built out of the scrap material from the ship, doors, walls, electronics, power, all of it came from the ship. Some smart people had survived and had organised these people. SG-1 was getting some odd looks from the people though, not all of them friendly.

"What can you tell us about this Doctor McLees? You said he owned a ship yard right?" Sam asked. David turned round and looked at her, and then at James.

"Long story." James said. "I'll tell you it over drinks, and trust me, you'll need the drinks." David shrugged and explained.

"Doctor McLees Junior is a co-owner of the Reyes-McLees shipyards over Mars. His father designed the Halcyon and Marathon Cruisers. However Junior knows his stuff too, he has designs for ships that were being shown to HIGHCOM just before the Fall, our unit was ordered to evac him and we nearly failed, we managed to get a couple Pelicans and a fair few civies out and onto the Stalwart but the Covies fried us on the way out. Most of the crew were killed, the bridge was blown off and we had to try and land us using auxiliary controls. Not easy when most of the systems are gone but McLees managed it. Dunno how." David replied.

"We're gonna need him, and everyone else." James said.

"Why, the war still going on? Did they find Earth? Did we win?" David asked. He looked almost desperate for answers.

"We won. They found Earth, they killed millions but we won. We beat the Covenant. But things have... changed." At David's look James said, "as I said; it's a long story." David led them to the largest building in the small town, it was only one story but it was still the largest, bigger than level 28 in Cheyenne mountain.

"The Doc's in there and James, we have to talk man. I'll catch you later, I gotta get back to my post, just ask for the Doc!" David called over his shoulder as he went back to his post. SG-1 walked in and did their usual business of securing allies to defend Earth, only this time. They'd scored big points.

## 6. Chapter 6

\*\*\*\*Okay, here we go, another chapter. This chapter is the longest one so far for this story and also marks the first time I have written something even remotely to do with some form of romance so tell me how I did there. And as always, review!\*\*\*\*

\* \* \*

><p><strong><strong>P3X-429, UNSC Makeshift Camp, Residence of Dr Robert McLees Junior, 2003<strong>\*\*

Inside the building James walked up to a makeshift reception desk manned by an elderly lady who looked old enough to be James' great-grandmother. Apparently the people here were trying their best to retain some sense of normality that they would have had back in UNSC space, be that with reception desks, games, drills, anything from from back home that could be replicated here in some form.

"Excuse me, I need to speak to Dr McLees," James said, causing the woman to look up from what she was doing and look at him. She offered a kind smile before replying.

"Well, your not from around here are you sergeant? Does that mean we're finally being rescued? Dr McLees is just through that door at the far end of the hall, you can't miss it. Although I don't know why you want to speak to him first if your here to rescue us," she said, her accent held the remains of a Harvest tilt, 'not many people around with an accent like that any more' James thought to himself before Gage Yevgenny's story repeated itself in his head.

"Things have changed since you left Reach, not all of it is good. But rest assured, humanity won, Earth is safe and the Covenant is gone for the most part," James said. "But other things have changed, not all of it is easy to understand, hence why we need to see Dr McLees." He said, waving a hand between him and SG-1. The lady gave an understanding nod with a very happy, if confused, smile. James was the one that led them to it and was the one to knock and opened the simple push door.

"Dr Robert McLees?" James asked upon entering, a stupid question really but he didn't know where else to start.

"That's me, now I know all the faces in this little town of ours and I do not recognise any of yours, so I can only assume the UNSC has finally found us." McLees turned out to be short man with a round belly and short greasy black hair with thin framed glasses perched on the edge of an upturned nose. Not exactly the image of a brilliant ship designer. Closing the door behind SG-1 was a sign that this was a serious conversation, not some sort of game.

"Sergeant James Darrow, it's a pleasure Doc, but there is something we have to tell you and as you are apparently the leader of the people here we came to you first so it'll be up to you on how you tell everyone here." James began.

"Hmm, okay, this is serious if your not already making a show of rescuing us." McLees said and offered the five of them seats in the small room.

"It is. The main reason the UNSC isn't making a show if rescuing you is because the UNSC doesn't exist here," James held up a hand before the doctor could interrupt. "It never existed here, we are, all of us, in another universe and the past where the UNSC doesn't exist, or at least it hasn't been formed yet." James said.

"Okay, say I believe you about the different universe thing sergeant, and I'm not saying I do, but time travel as well? That's not possible, not even Slip-space works like that son." McLees said.

"Well, it did. I don't know what happened, I was in an ancient alien structure inside a giant alien metal planet when I was sent here through some sort of portal. That was four years after the war." James said and doctor McLees' eyes widened with the ramifications of what he'd just said.

"After the war? We won?" he whispered. James nodded.

"They found Earth, had us under siege for damn near three months before we finished it." James said, leaving out most of the finer details like how they teamed up with the Covenant Elites and nearly lost the planet to the Flood and sent a Frigate and the last Spartan through an ancient alien portal buried under the sands of Africa which led them to an installation beyond the borders of the Galaxy.

"Three months? That's impressive. But... we're not there any more are we? So where are we exactly? And more importantly when?" He asked and it was Major Carter that responded after Colonel O'Neill made a remark about her being 'the one with the techno-babble'.

"The planet your on is called P3X-429, as for when, it's 2003 on Earth." she said. McLees looked her over in a manner that reminded her of Dr Rodney McKay.

"If it's 2003 how the hell did you get all the way out here...Ms?"

"Carter, Major Samantha Carter, and we used a device called the stargate-"

"Which is what makes this a different universe than our doctor," James interrupted. "Because we sure as hell didn't have these back home. Nor did we have the bad guy's we have here either." McLees nodded but said nothing for some time.

"Okay, I'll be blunt here, I have no idea what to say," McLees started, "everyone here, myself included, wants to go home, to see family and loved ones. I honestly don't know how most of them are going to react, sure they'll celebrate winning the war, but most of these people are just normal civilians; bankers, shop workers, merchants, a couple are from my personal staff that was with me on Reach, a fair few are the Marines that got us out of there but most of them are normal people. And judging from the way you mentioned enemies here, I don't know what good they'll be to your program, I seriously doubt it's public knowledge."

"The US Air force will take care of them, get them jobs and cover up anything that needs covering up. Anyone that could be of use to the Stargate Programme would be offered a job with it, especially those Marines of yours, which is saying something because I hate Marines. But to be frank doc, we need you as well. Earth needs a fleet to protect it from the baddies out there and right now it's been down to pure luck we haven't already been blown to smithereens already."

O'Neill said, once again causing McLees to go silent as he contemplated what he had been told.

"And what about everything here? Because I am sure that the computer systems aboard the Frigate is far more powerful than anything you have on Earth at the moment and would be wasted if it was just left here." He said.

"We'll have people come and recover it, or you could bring it with you, wither way." O'Neill responded.

"Hmm, we could use the Pelicans but, the computer core is fairly substantial, there's hundreds of terabytes of data on the Shipnet alone. If we used the heavy lift gear and transported the heavy stuff we could carry the remainder of the stuff but we would still be leaving a lot of stuff, mainly the hull here," he said, waving a hand towards the wreckage. "We could use that, if you don't mind, we could use it, the fusion cores, slip-space drive, MAC gun, armour- what's left of it anyways."

"The device Major Carter briefly mentioned, the stargate, you would have to dismantle most of the stuff going through it, Warthogs and trailer will go through but one at a time and slowly because we'd have to dismantle them on the other side. Moving most of the heavy gear will be a lot of work, it'll take us days to dismantle things, transport it and get through again. We might have to leave some stuff here." James said. Doctor McLees looked thoughtful for a moment before responding.

"Right, let me talk to some of the people, get an estimate of how long it'll take us to move just the civilians and people who we won't need to move this stuff and I'll get back to you. In the mean time why don't you mingle with the people, don't tell them too much just yet." McLees said. SG-1 took the offer of going outside and James disappeared almost instantly. An hour later Carter and O'Neill found him in a shabby bar with the man they met at the gates. From the looks of things they were sharing stories and catching up with each other.

"It's the same wherever you go." O'Neill said flippantly.

"Sir?"

"They always build a bar and make alcohol to let people forget about everything." O'Neill said. Taking off his sun glasses and stretching his back. Before they could interrupt James' conversation Jack caught the tail end of what the other man was saying.

"- she's alive buddy, here in the camp too. That's what I was trying to say before that ass hole interrupted. I've already told her to meet me here but I didn't say why." He said.

"She's alive? She's coming here? Now? I got these scars after the war during a raid on a pirate base somewhere outside of Eridnus, she's gonna flip when she sees them." James replied, not saying anything to reprimand his friend for speaking ill about the Colonel. Jack and Sam shared a look between them and retreated to the other end of the bar to leave him with some room. As they sat down a red head walked into the bar, she looked tired and ragged with dark circles under her

green eyes.

"Dave, what the hell is so urgent you had to call me here. You know I have a hard enough time dealing with Lyra... James?" The woman faltered mid stride and sentence when James reactively turned to face her.

"Alex?" James said in a whisper so low he wasn't sure he'd said it out loud.

"How?" Alex asked, barely getting the word out.

"Much the same way as you lot, only more alien technology and with better aim." James replied. He stood up and reached for her but instead of leaning into his touch she recoiled away from it.

"Is this some sort of sick joke Dave? Seriously? I- I have to go." With that she left without waiting for a reply, tears falling down her face as she left. James rushed after her, calling her name as he went.

"Alex! Alex! Wait!" He shouted, ignoring the glares being sent his way by other people in the muddy street as he pushed through them not all that gently. She turned to face him and slapped him as he got close enough.

"Fuck you! I thought you were DEAD!" She shouted at him. James stood up rubbing his face where she hit him.

"Yeah? Well so did I! When I heard Reach was gone I though I'd lost you. Because of that I ended up with some annoying ass ONI special response squad. And how on earth did you think I was dead? The ship I was stationed aboard was on the other end of UNSC space, no where near Reach." James said as calmly as possible.

"Dave said everything was gone, after Reach fell nothing was between the Covenant and Earth and that by now... everything would be gone. You included." She said, her voice just above a whisper. He reached for her again and this time she leaned into him. He didn't say anything as she started sobbing into his armoured chest as the fight left her.

"Did we lose it all?" she asked quietly.

"No, we won. The Elites, they rebelled against the Covenant. Some sort of schism in the hierarchy and they joined us. For the most part." James said, a small but happy smile in his face. He looked down at her and saw her playing with a little pink stuffed rabbit he kept tied to the belt of his gear.

"The hinge heads? Really?"

"Yep, they're not too bad once you get to know them. Half of them don't even know what to do with their lives any more now they aren't killing us. Some of them are desperate to make amends with us, even going as far as seeking asylum with us. One small clan worship us as gods now, that was really cool actually. A fair few still hate us but they don't have the capability to go to war with us any more, ONI made sure of that." James said. He spied Colonel O'Neill and Major Carter with Teal'c and Jonas and Dave standing not too far away, he

also noticed SG-1 looked ready to help him while Dave looked ready to move in the opposite direction.

"Where are we? In the galaxy I mean?"

"Some backwater planet that I would never have known existed before today. But that's not all. We aren't in the same galaxy any more, or the same universe for that matter." he said. She looked up at him inquisitively.

"I wasn't joking when I said I got here the same way as you. Only I got thrown, literally, into an ancient alien portal device by an ancient alien robot and I landed in a mountain on Earth. My guess is the ship got hit as it was transitioning into slip-space, it's the only thing I can think of to explain how you got here as well. Although, I am technically older than you now, I was sent here four years after the war." rather than slap him again for being ridiculous she laughed gently.

"Four years? Seriously?" He nodded with a cheeky smile that caused her to role her eyes.

"So, who's Lyra? I hope you don't mean my mother because she was still on Luna when I left." James said, chuckling slightly. She gazed back down at the little rabbit and started playing with it again.

"There's a reason I made it off Reach in one peace." James raised an eyebrow but said nothing, prompting her to continue. "I was never on the planet, I wasn't cleared for duty after my last medical." She said.

"Why not?"

"Because there are certain circumstances in which a soldier in perfectly good health fails their medical. Oneofthemwasiwaspregnant." She said the last sentence so quickly James wasn't sure he heard her correctly.

"What? Say that again. Did you just say..."

"I was pregnant. Your fault idiot." she mumbled into his chest plate, her pale face burning red.

For SG-1 and David Fritz something extraordinary happened. Something none of them had seen, thought they would see or would see again, happened. James Darrow fainted.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Cheyenne Mountain, Colorado, Earth, 2003  
<strong>

"Sergeant, I'm pulling you off of SG-1. Now before you start," General Hammond began with an open palm in halting motion to stop any unwanted protests. "I think you could do with some time to spend with your wife and daughter, it's not often things like this happen so make the most of it son but when you get back I'm afraid you won't be on SG-1 any more, you'll be leading your own team comprised of these ODSs of yours." Hammond said. James didn't reply, only nod in



understanding before being allowed to leave. He said good bye to SG-1 on his way up the mountain.

"I wish you luck with your endeavours into parent hood James Darrow." Teal'c had said with an almost evil looking smile.

"Uh, thanks T, you know I won't be gone too long right? Just long enough to get Alex and Lyra settled and sorted." James replied but Teal'c only bowed his head and returned to his meditation.

The vehicle bay was packed, mainly because most of the room was taken up by the sole Grizzly tank the UNSC crew had rescued and transported back to Earth, it had been reassembled in the vehicle bay but it was waiting transport to a different military base where it could be looked after properly and put to use, Warthogs and transport vehicles dominated most of the room while the rest was filled with parked cars from staff working inside the mountain.

James made a beeline for a flat bed Warthog, the only car he felt comfortable driving. Although he got some incredulous looks on the drive to his and Alex's new home. He wasn't sure of how he felt about that, he was happy sure, but they had always been in the military, the both of them. But now she had to look after Lyra she couldn't continue her service, and even then it wouldn't be with him.

Arriving at the small suburban house he noticed Air Force personal moving things about and even from the drive he could hear Alex giving orders on where things should go. She always did like to take charge over domestic things. He sneaked in without her noticing and saw her giving the orders from the living room while holding a wriggling blanket. Lyra had gotten her mothers green eyes but his hair, unruly short black tufts of hair stuck up from her head at all angles.

"Come on, let the poor guys put the stuff down and get out of here. I'm sure the poor kids didn't join the Air Force to move a couch for a marines wife." James said, alerting her to his presence. A small face popped up out of the blankets as well.

"Who is also a marine, one that could kick all their asses if they don't hurry up!" She replied, "Here hold Lyra while I kick these kids into shape." James took the infant but rested a hand on Alex's shoulder.

"Let them be, you've got me to move things anyway." James said.

"Not while your at the mountain and with you there most of the time I can't arrange the entire house myself so I'm using them."

"I've got leave until you and Lyra are settled and everything, at least. So let them be." He said. Looking down at the bundle in his arms that was making a happy sound. "You know I have no idea what to do regarding children right?"

"Well, it's a good thing you have me isn't it? And just so you know, she can already crawl, she's working on walking. She's also damn fast so be careful."

\* \* \*

><p><strong>Four months later, Area 51, Nevada, Earth, 2003<strong>

Four months later and they had successfully brought back most of the materials from the \_Dawn\_ and had started implementing them in various places. The powerful fusion reactor's design was copied before being reassembled at the heart of Earth's first inter-stellar warship. The \_Prometheus\_. The Slip-space drive was also taken apart, albeit vary carefully after it had been disconnected from everything and later reassembled for the \_Prometheus\_. Doctor McLees had almost completely re-designed the ship, making it larger, stronger and far more powerful.

"This," he said, holding up a data chip that was still inert. "Is the only one of it's kind until we can set up the correct facilities to produce some more."

"What is it though? It can't be that useful, its like the size of an old memory card and they're dead easy to produce." The weasel of a man known as Rodney McKay said, waving a hand in dismissal of the little chip. Robert McLees shook his head.

"Oh it is a \_lot\_ harder to produce than your little memory cards. This is a fifth generation UNSC A.I and it is far smarter and far more valuable to this project than you mister McKay."

"It's Doctor McKay. I have a doctorate thank you. Two to be precise. And I highly doubt that some little bit of code would be able to best me." The Canadian replied indignantly.

"When you get a doctorate in the twenty sixth century we'll talk. And I \_know\_ for a fact that this A.I right here is far more powerful than you. An A.I like this is born knowing all of human history and can sift through all that data in less than two hours. They can also run over a trillion different calculations a second while piloting a UNSC warship while co-ordinating an entire fleet and create a firing solution for the ships weapons. So, when you can do all that in the same second, tell me. Until then get the hell out of my way and stay away from the \_Prometheus\_, she doesn't need your grubby little paws anywhere near her." McLees said before pushing past the small man and walking towards a platform that would allow him to oversee the entire ship.

"Now listen here," McKay said, following the Mars born man. "I am technically the head of this project and I say we don't need that little A.I of yours. Also as head of the project you are meant to present any changes to the design to \_me\_. No one else, just me."

"Oh for the love of god will you shut up. I have been designing warships like this since I was four years old. I know what I'm doing and the only reason you are 'in charge' is because the government felt it was safer than letting me be in charge just in case the other countries found out. They might not like someone form the future being in charge of a crucial project like this, hence why they gave the title to a little divot like yourself." McLees said before moving again, leaving the Canadian scientist to brood by himself.

Walking into his office McLees found the President of the United

States and a General from the Pentagon.

"President, General, I wasn't expecting to see you here." He said, shaking their hands.

"Yes well, we thought it would be best if we saw the ship in person. Reading about it doesn't do it any justice." The General replied. Nodding McLees led them out the office and to the platform he was originally going to before being cornered by McKay. He patted the A.I chip in his pocket just make sure it was still there.

Looking down at the dark grey titanium-A armour plates and still exposed decks he couldn't help the smile that came to his face.

"This right here is what we've done. We've made her bigger, big enough to move the MAC system from the Stalwart Dawn and place it directly on her bow. We had do some major overhauls to the ships computer system and power supply, mainly replacing the electrical wires to make sure they could handle the amount of power they needed to. We got rid of that stupid tower on the stern and added a meter of armour, more than a UNSC frigate would have had. The hangers are in the same place, haven't moved them, but we have made some changes to the F-302 design. It's now more akin to a design I saw from Misirah armouries, the F-41 Broadsword, it still has some features but the Broadsword is superior in nearly every way, like it had shields, but the F-302 has better weapons so we rigged them onto the F-41's frame and synced the targeting computer to the weapons. Nothing will be better than one of those in space.

"We also have forty broadside guns- these are powerful guns, smaller versions of the MAC, twenty on each side. It also has a vastly improved CIWS system and targeting computer, we also added enough missile pods to put a UNSC Heavy Destroyer to shame, a total of around three thousand six hundred missiles, along with five nuclear weapon tubes. See that hole there?" He asked pointing down to an open hole in the structure. The two men nodded. "That'll be where we the most powerful nuke goes. A Hyperion missile with a naquadah tipped warhead. The only thing more powerful than that blast would be a NOVA bomb with naquadah and that would be bad. Very bad." McLees finished. Looking over he saw the two men looking at the half completed ship in awe.

"Were all the UNSCs ships this powerful?" The General asked.

"No," McLees shook his head. "The Broadside guns are my own design input but most of that is Destroyer grade, except a destroyer would have two MACs, not one."

"And this ship will be able to defend Earth?"

"Sure, as long as it isn't against an entire fleet. It's shields aren't strong enough to withstand that type of fire power." McLees responded. "We also have one last thing to install once the ship is complete, something that'll make it unmatched in this universe, for the most part at least." He said, pulling the data chip.

"A UNSC A.I, it'll help run the ship and plot FTL courses." He explained after the two older men gave confused looks.

He gave the men a brief tour of the completed sections before showing them off. Later that day he ended up back in his office contemplating any more design changes he might make.

End  
file.